

# The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED. IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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VOL. 37.—No. 3.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1859.

PRICE 4d.  
STAMPED 5d.

## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—St. James's Hall.

On Monday evening, Jan. 17th, Monday, Jan. 24th, and an extra concert Thursday, Jan. 27th. Vocalists: Madame Viardot Garcia, Miss Poole, Miss Stabach, Mlle. Behrens, Mlle. de Villar, Miss Lascelles, Miss Messent, Miss Hansford, Miss Eyles, Miss Laffler, Miss Emma Robinson, and Madame Lancia; Signors Luchesi and Dragoni, Mr. Santley, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Sims Reeves, and the Swedish singers. Harmonium, Herr Engel; concertina, Sig. Regondi; pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard; Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Sofa stalls, 5s; reserved seats (balcony), 3s.; unreserved seats, 1s., may be obtained at the Hall, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse, and Co.'s, 49, Chesapeake; Cramer and Co.'s, and A. W. Hammonds, Regent-street; Chappell and Co.'s, No. 50, New Bond-street.

**MISS LIZZIE WILSON** begs to announce that her **FIRST GRAND EVENING CONCERT** will take place at the New Hall, Whitlington Club, under distinguished patronage, on Thursday, January 27, 1859, to commence at eight o'clock, when she will be assisted by the following eminent artists. Vocalists:—Miss Lizzie Wilson and Miss Dolby, Mr. Wilbye Cooper and Signor Belletti. Instrumentalists:—Mr. H. Blagrove, Mr. Distin, Mr. Percival Watts, pupil of Signor Regondi; Conductor, Mr. Land. Stalls, 10s, 6d.; reserved seats, 5s.; unreserved seats, 2s. 6d. Tickets to be had of Messrs. Sams; Cramer and Co.; Keith, Prowse and Co.; Novello; Ollivier; Williams, 11, Paternoster-row; at the Whitlington Club, and of Miss Lizzie Wilson, 33, Old Change, St. Paul's.

**MRS. ROBERT PAGET'S FIRST GRAND EVENING CONCERT** will take place at Myddleton Hall, on Tuesday, the 1st February, when eminent artists will appear. Tickets, 1s., 2s.; reserved seats, 3s. Commence at eight. 60, Pentonville-road, N.

## THE HANDEL CHORAL SOCIETY, FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

### PRESIDENT:

JOHN BENJAMIN HEATH, Esq.

### VICE-PRESIDENTS:

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EDWARD WEYMAN WADESON, Esq.

### HONORARY SECRETARY:

JOHN BROWNLOW, Esq.

### CONDUCTOR:

MR. WILLING.

Organist and Director of the Choir of the Foundling Hospital.

It has been determined to form a Society under the above title, the meetings to be held in one of the large and peculiarly adapted rooms at the Foundling Hospital, by the kind permission of the Committee. The object of the Conductor will be to establish a School or Nursery for Vocalists, founded upon the efficient performance of the choral compositions, both Sacred and Secular, of classical composers generally; and it should be explained that by the title "HANDEL CHORAL SOCIETY" is not implied the exclusive study of that composer's works, but that it has suggested itself rather as a becoming recognition of the intimate connection which existed between Handel and the Foundling Hospital, and of the benefits conferred upon that Institution by the performance, under his personal direction, of his immortal compositions. It is also contemplated to complete the auxiliary Chapel Choir, now in course of formation, from the members of this Society; and upon any vacancy occurring hereafter in the Choir of the Foundling Chapel, the merits of those members who might desire the appointment would receive prior consideration.

With respect to the qualifications of performing members, the requirements will not exceed those usually expected in the formation of Choral Societies generally; but while the standard of eligibility will not be calculated to impede the establishment of this Society, such degree of musical knowledge as is essential to its easy success will be regarded as indispensable.

The HANDEL CHORAL SOCIETY, as thus sketched, will offer to its members an opportunity of acquiring proficiency in the performance of classical music, while the terms of the subscription, for the purpose of defraying incidental expenses, will be almost nominal. Its speedy establishment may, therefore, not unreasonably be expected; and in the course of the season it is purposed to increase its interest, and develop its progress, by a series of concerts, at which non-performing members will be admitted upon terms to be hereafter stated, and which will embrace the privileges usually accorded to performing members in this respect.

Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of becoming members of the HANDEL CHORAL SOCIETY, are requested to apply by letter (stating description of voice) to the Hon. Sec., John Brownlow, Esq., Foundling Hospital; and upon a sufficient number of names having been received, the first General Meeting to determine further proceedings will be forthwith announced.

C. EDWIN WILLING.

## THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

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FOUR ORCHESTRAL and CHORAL CONCERTS will take place at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evenings, January 26, February 23, March 30, and May 11th, to commence at half-past 8 o'clock. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. Subscribers' tickets for the series (to be obtained only on the nomination of Fellows or Associates), One Guinea; extra subscription for a numbered stall, Half-a-guinea. Single tickets:—Numbered stalls in the area and balcony, Half-a-guinea; unreserved seats in ditto, 7s.; back of area and upper gallery, 2s. 6d. Application for tickets to be made to Cramer and Co., 201, Regent-street.

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U.



R.

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All letters must be addressed to Dr. Mark, Royal College of Music, Bridge-street, Manchester.

**MR. AGUILAR HAS REMOVED** from 151, Albany street, to 17, Westbourne-square, W.

**MISS KATHERINE MOORE** has returned to town from her provincial tour, as vocalist, with the Brousil Family. Communications respecting engagements may be addressed to 221, Tottenham Court-road.

**HARP AND PIANOFORTE.**—Mrs. FULLER, Organist of the French Episcopal Church, has some hours in the week disengaged for private lessons. Juvenile pupils received on school terms at her residence, 26, Upper Baker-street, Regent's-park.

**MUSIC AND SINGING.**—M. VASCHETT, Professor of Singing at Her Majesty's Theatre, continues to give lessons in singing and the pianoforte. For terms, &c., address 1, Great Vine-street, Regent-street, W.

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DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in giving you my opinion upon your Harmonium; it is the best instrument of the kind I have ever heard.

To Mr. W. E. EVANS,  
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Yours very truly,  
ALFRED MELLON.

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for 1859, is now ready. Contents:—1. Almanac, with Musical data and blank spaces. 2. List of Musical Societies throughout the kingdom. 3. Musical Transactions of the past year. 4. The Names of Professors, Music-sellers, and Musical Instrument Manufacturers throughout the kingdom, with their Addresses, &c. 5. List of Music (copyright only) published between 30th November, 1857, and 30th November, 1858. Price 1s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 8d. May be had at Rudall, Rose, Carte, and Co., 20, Charing-cross, S.W.; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 45, Chapside; and all music and booksellers.

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## REVIEWS.

"*Moore's Sacred Songs, with symphonies and accompaniments by Sir J. Stevenson, Mus. Doc.*," is scarcely a fitting title for the handsome volume just issued by Messrs. Longman and Co. True, the words are all by Thomas Moore; but, without travelling further than the index, we are apprised that the music to which they are set is derived from a multitude of sources, and that out of fifty-four pieces only seven are *bona fide* compositions of the pedantic Irish knight—who, instead of adorning whatever he touched, laid hands on nothing without spoiling it. The illustrious names of Handel, Haydn and Beethoven, together with others of less note, enrich and amplify the catalogue, to which the patronyme of Stevenson would, unsupported, have lent but little interest. Besides this, the music to many of the songs is "anonymous."

Now a history of the process by which this curious volume was manufactured would be both instructive and entertaining. The art of "book-making" has seldom been more amusingly illustrated. The incongruous nature of the compilation, nevertheless, is its most innocent and unoffending feature. What calls loudest for blame and must excite the indignation of every one who looks upon art as a sacred thing, is that spirit of huckstering which could induce a great poet to lend his name to a transaction discreditable to the last degree—no better, in short, than a downright imposition on the public. We cannot too often or too unreservedly condemn the system which sanctions the commission of petty larcenies on the works of great men, for the ignoble purposes of "shop." But even the act of spoliation might be winked at, were it not for the uses to which the treasures thus unwarrantably appropriated are condemned. To separate a fragment from a perfect musical work, wed it to verse, make it pass for a song, and publish it with the name of the composer, as though it had been his own deed, or, at least, one that he had authorised, is bad enough in all conscience; but that which we have to reprehend is infinitely worse. One of the "sacred songs" in the volume before us, is thus announced in the table of contents: "Who is the maid? (St. Jerome's Love)—Beethoven." The worshippers of Beethoven's genius will instantly turn to page 24, in the hope of finding something genuine (and, perhaps, new to them) from the pen of the illustrious master. What will be their astonishment on recognising the theme of the air with variations which constitutes the first movement of the sonata in A flat (Op. 26), its beauty defaced, and its proportions violated, by additions and changes of the most common-place description! The delinquency involved herein is increased one hundred fold by the cool audacity with which the great name of Beethoven is affixed to the perpetration.

This solitary example of disingenuous dealing is quite sufficient to cause the entire volume to be looked at with suspicion. It explains one thing, however, which, on comparing the title-page with the index, was somewhat puzzling. What the "symphonies and accompaniments" of Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc., could possibly have to do with Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, &c., it was difficult to understand; but the instance we have cited of cooking up an Irish stew out of one of the sonatas of Beethoven sets conjecture at rest, and enables us to estimate the compilation which bears the title of "*Moore's Sacred Melodies*" at its proper artistic value.

By many degrees the most acceptable part of the volume,

regarded from a musical point of view, is the Appendix, in the shape of six songs, founded on scriptural texts, for which "symphonies and accompaniments" have been furnished by Mr. John Goss, the well-known organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, with a vigour and ability of which the palsied hand of Sir John Stevenson affords no trace.

A word or two in conclusion. If for such genuine poetry as Moore wrote, no one being found able and willing to supply congenial music, concoctions like these "*Sacred Songs*" are to be tolerated, we have at least a right to expect that, from whatever source the melody is borrowed, due acknowledgment shall be made. Had this rule been enforced, the publication under notice would not only prove comparatively harmless, but possess a degree of interest of which at present it cannot boast. About the compositions of Sir John Stevenson, no one is likely to be over and above inquisitive, nor is it essential to trace the old tune, popularly known as "*Rousseau's Dream*," to the fountain head; but, when the compositions of great masters have been ransacked for materials, common fairness ought to induce the disclosure of all particulars, more especially if (as in the case of Beethoven's theme) the originals are altered or modified to fit the emergency. This is left undone by the editor of *Moore's Sacred Melodies*, not a single reference being made to source or authority in the table of contents, or elsewhere. Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, and even Martini, must always be welcome on their own account; but, dressed up à la Stevenson, they don't look natural.

Lest certain of our readers should be sceptical on the point of "*St. Jerome's Love*," and Beethoven's varied theme, we subjoin the preliminary symphony and *coda* which Sir John Stevenson (with the sanction of that great and very musical poet, the author of *The Fudge Family*), has had the impertinence to mix up with one of the divinest melodies of an inspired and immortal master.

## PRELIMINARY SYMPHONY.

*Grazioso.*

## CODA.





Stevenson and Beethoven! Tom Cooke and Auber, Rophino Lacy and Rossini, Alexander Lee and everybody, were nothing to it.

"*Studio sulle Opere di Giuseppe Verdi*"—di A. Basevi (Tofani, Florence)—may be described as much ado about little or nothing. That Verdi has natural gifts, together with a certain artistic merit, no one can deny; that he is the only composer of actual Italy (young Italy—alas! for old Italy) is equally a fact; but that anybody, however enthusiastic, should take the trouble to compose a book about him, wholly surpasses our comprehension. Signor Basevi, however, has not only given us a book, but a book of more than three hundred pages, all about Verdi and his music. There is no accounting for differences of opinion, especially where art, and most especially where music, is concerned; but we humbly confess we cannot wade through this book. We have read parts of it, and even in the preface we are apprised that Verdi has no less than four styles.\* (Herr Lenz only gives three to Beethoven.) This is odd. Our impression has always been, and is now, that style is exactly the quality in which Verdi is wanting; that he has no style, in fact, but wastes himself in vain and convulsive efforts to form one. Nevertheless, doctors differ, and while we are unable to get half-way through the 310 pages of Sig. Basevi, we salute him in a spirit of friendly brotherhood, as a co-enthusiast, regretting that the objects of our respective worships should so greatly differ. Dr. Johnson had his Boswell; Verdi has his Basevi. Perhaps, one of these days, Mr. A. Harris, or Mr. St. Leger, may write a life of Balfe (who has seven styles). If so, we will send a copy for review to *L'Armonia*, in the hope that the respectable Florentine who edits that amusing sheet may get further on than we have been able to do with the *Studio sulle Opere di Verdi*.

"*The Bridal Album*" (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell) hardly calls for a review. It consists of a series of ephemeral compositions, in the shape of songs, ballads, and duets, by Messrs. Hatton, Linley, Wallace, S. Glover, Walter Maynard, Rimbault, and Balfe, which having (we presume) been written expressly for the marriage of the Princess Royal with the Prince of Prussia, can hardly expect to live an hour after the memory of that glad event has passed away from the public mind. We shall next, we suppose, hear of a "Reform Bill Album," which, if Mr. Kenney Meadows "illustrates" it in a similar manner, will be accepted with rapture by the admirers of a certain order of pictorial art.

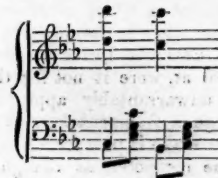
"*The Moss Rose*" and "*Farewell*" (Binfield, Reading)—composed by "C"—the first to an English version of some German lyric, the last to Lord Byron's well-known lines, beginning—

"Farewell! if ever fondest prayer  
For others' weal availed on high,  
Mine will not all be lost in air,  
But wait thy name beyond the sky"—

are both fair examples of the sentimental drawing-room ballad.

\* "*Mi venne fatto di notare nel modo di scrivere del Verdi quattro maniere.*"

Mrs. Mackenzie Wilson, in her setting of Professor Longfellow's Christmas Carol, "*I hear along our Street*" (Cocks and Co.), which is not otherwise reproachable, has made use of four bars *notatim* from Hérold's *Zampa*, to express the words "*Sing then, sing then, till the night expire.*" "*I know he'll come to-morrow*"—words by James Stonehouse, music by George Hargreaves (Hime and Son, Liverpool)—is a song of the Crusades, and not a bad one; but really the composer should treat the harmony of the *six-four* more politely, and not quit it abruptly and unceremoniously, as in bars 6-7 of the opening prelude (where the *six-four* on B is succeeded by the common chord of A); and at page 2, line 3, bars 2-3 (where the *six-four* on E is followed by another *six-four* on F sharp). Equally careful should Mr. Hargreaves be to avoid consecutive octaves between voice part and bass—of which an instance occurs at page 3, line 2, bars 1-2. "*Hoch soll die leben*" and "*Le bon succès*" (Hime and Addison, Manchester and Liverpool), composed respectively by W. Cripps and Lawrence Goodwin, are lively, tuneful, and thoroughly danceable galops, pleasing without effort, and exactly suited for the purpose aimed at. "*We'll laugh and sing all Cares away*" (Boosey and Sons), is an English version of the well-known *brindisi* from the *Traviata*, the words by Mr. Desmond Ryan being spirited and appropriate. "*May thy Path in Life be happy*"—words by Henry Barnes, music by John Fulcher (Holderness)—is a pretty ballad; but the subjoined progression, from the opening symphony, should be amended in the next edition:—



The error stands out more conspicuously, inasmuch as the song is otherwise well written.

#### AN ENGLISH DRAMATIST'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.\*

(Concluded from page 22.)

It was about this period that our author became acquainted with Miss Kelly, who first played for him in a melodrama entitled *The Soldier's Widow, or the Deserted Mill*, which, however, was a failure, although, when transplanted to the Queen's Theatre, it ran more than a hundred consecutive nights, and restored the finances of that establishment, previously anything but flourishing. The second piece, also, in which the same lady appeared for him, and which was called the *Eagle's Nest*, produced at the Olympic, proved equally unfortunate, though, as we are informed, from a very different cause. The cholera broke out, and frightened people from the theatres.

From 1831 to 1833, among Mr. Fitzball's contributions to the stage were *The Sea Serpent*, *Robert the Devil* (with Mr. Buckstone), *Andreas Hofer*, and the *Enchanted Lute*. At length, in April, 1833, our author hit upon the idea of dramatising the story of *Jonathan Bradford* for the manager of the Surrey, Osbaldiston, who had been a loser by *Andreas Hofer*, and was greatly in want of a novelty which would fill his empty treasury. Mr. Fitzball was highly desirous of doing something which should prove advantageous in a pecuniary sense to a gentleman who had lost in his last speculation with him, but who had, notwithstanding, come openly and manfully,

\* *Thirty-five Years of a Dramatic Author's Life*, by Edward Fitzball, Esq. London: T. C. Newby, 30, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square.

and offered the dramatist as good terms as before. Mr. Fitzball wished to repay Mr. Osbaldiston his loss; he wished, likewise, to re-establish his own credit in the theatre, where his last work was received "so coldly." But how was all this to be accomplished? and by what magic? Such were the questions Mr. Fitzball put himself, and which he incontinently answered by asserting, in the same confidential strain of mental soliloquy: "It was not by literature!—it was not by poetry!—it was not by mirth!—it was not by tears! all of which had been tried in *Hofer*!" Truly, it seems to have been no easy task to write for a Surrey audience, and "we are free to confess,"—as the youngest parliamentary orator, aping the language of the House, delights in saying—that we never till now thought the transpontine theatre-goers so difficult to please. "Literature!" "Poetry!" "Mirth!" "Tears!" all unavailing! Most authors, in such a perilous state of things, would probably have abandoned the whole business as a hopeless task. Not so, Mr. Fitzball. As the keen eye of the Indian detects and follows with undeviating certainty the trail invisible to the denser and more sluggish eye of the White-face, Mr. Fitzball's experience perceived a possible means of success, where the majority of dramatists would have despaired. It struck him that the desired result might be achieved "by a harmony of the whole"—namely: literature, poetry, mirth, and tears—"with a spice or two of original effect, thrown in at intervals."

Having come to this determination, and possessing, of course, ample resources—lucky man!—in the way of literature, poetry, mirth, and tears, as well as original effect, our dramatist set to work and wrote his drama, which he then took himself to the manager. The latter did not think much of it, but, as he had ordered it, he very liberally offered to pay the stipulated terms, on condition that the MS. should be reserved for some future occasion, and that Mr. Fitzball should write something else at once. But the dramatist was under an engagement to Mr. Arnold, and could not spare the leisure, so that there was no alternative but to enact *Jonathan Bradford*.

Mr. Henry Wallack, who was cast for the part of Dan Macraisy, glided out of the green-room before the reading of the piece was concluded. There was a certain scene in which the stage is divided into four different rooms, where different threads of the story are being simultaneously wound off. Every one was astonished, and disappeared mysteriously, afraid of being trapped into an opinion. Mrs. West, who was to play Ann Bradford, said to the author, as she crossed the stage: "You are an extraordinary writer; I never heard anything like it. How are people to act in four rooms at once? I cannot understand it; but I perceive, by your looks, that you understand it yourself." The manager was strongly opposed to the four-roomed scene. The argument employed by the author was as follows:

"You tell me that your theatre is in a bad state. The scanty audiences which I, myself, witness nightly, confirm the truth of your assertion. You are in a desperate, in a dying condition. You come to me as a last resource—as a doctor who is to cure you—nothing will cure you but a desperate remedy. Leave out the rhubarb, or the senna, or a single particle thereof, and I withdraw—must withdraw my prescription; because the remedy would then become as hopeless as the case."

"Screw but your courage to the sticking place, do not depend on my courage, or, in a moment of caprice, or pride, or wounded feelings, I am weak, and may give way. I rely upon the success of this result. I consider that my reputation is as much at risk as your interest. I would reclaim both. But if you prove not firm, my attempt is fruitless—must fall to the ground. I am simply the author—you the manager; please yourself."

At length, on Wednesday, June 12th, 1833, *Jonathan Bradford* was produced, and met with a good, though not a great reception. The audience, apparently, were as much puzzled with the four-roomed scene as the actors had been. "They seemed to retire like one mind, an instant, within themselves, and then, as if convinced, on reflection, that there was something original to applaud, which they did not quite understand, from its newness to their taste, like all English audiences, they took the lenient side, and applauded unanimously, not vociferously." The up-

shot of all this was that *Jonathan Bradford* proved a tremendous hit, ran two hundred and sixty-four consecutive nights, and brought in to the manager, it is said, eight thousand pounds. On the hundredth representation, Mr. Osbaldiston gave a *déjeuner* on the stage to the performers, and Mr. Fitzball was presented with a silver cup, bearing a highly complimentary inscription.

Our author's next productions at the Surrey were, *Walter Brand*, or *the Duel in the Mist*, and *Mary Glastonbury*, but, we are informed, they were too refined, romantic and poetical. They were comparative failures—for Mr. Fitzball—each of them running only sixty nights! Our autobiographer made up for this, however, by *Emeralda*, which was performed by the Adelphi company, including Yates, O. Smith, Oscar Byrne, Mrs. Yates and Mrs. West. It was highly successful, and was followed by *The Lord of the Isles*, with Rodwell's music, written for Davidge, when the latter took the management of the Surrey.

After knocking off a few more pieces with as much ease as Dando would have swallowed six or eight dozen oysters, Mr. Fitzball began to feel rather wearied. He was somewhat disgusted, too, with the selfishness of managers. He fancied that it was not quite right that the latter should nearly run over him in their carriages, purchased and kept up probably by the fruits of his brain, while he himself had to trudge through the mud on foot. Suddenly a thought flashed across his mind. Why should not he turn lessee? All that was requisite, he tells us, was to take a theatre, advertise in the *Times*, make out a good bill, and depend upon a liberal public to pay the rent and the salaries. This certainly was not much, but we believe it is all that many managers have started with.

His wife, however, took a different view of the subject, and strongly urged him to abandon the idea. Her arguments were of no avail. He was resolved to have a theatre, and, thinking that, while he was about it, he might as well have a good one, wrote to the committee, and proposed becoming the lessee of Covent Garden.

His offer was accepted, but shortly afterwards he was attacked by a severe malady, from over-excitement probably, and lost the use of his right hand, which appeared completely paralysed. Under these circumstances, he became impressed with the idea that he did not possess sufficient bodily strength to carry out so vast an enterprise, and made way for Mr. Osbaldiston, who was installed as lessee in his stead.

Mr. Fitzball was engaged, at a liberal salary, as regular author, and remained attached to the establishment until the conclusion of Osbaldiston's management, writing more pieces, with varied success, than we have room to mention. He wrote, also, during this period, the libretto of Balfe's *Siege of Rochelle*. On leaving Covent Garden, he set about the text of another opera, *Joan of Arc*, also for Balfe, at Drury Lane.

Some time afterwards, he devoted his attention to Astley's. It appears he had by him a tragedy, with which he thought that Mr. Bunn, then lessee of Drury Lane, would be astounded. Mr. Bunn was astounded, but not exactly in the manner desired by the author. The latter, in his disappointment, told the plot of the tragedy to Mr. West, who greatly approved of it, and suggested it was just the thing for the Royal Amphitheatre. The suggestion rather startled Mr. Fitzball, who had fancied Mr. Macready, as the hero, "addressing the Peruvians on a cream-coloured charger, caparisoned all over saddle and bridle, one knotted plume of feathers." The idea, as far as we can understand it, was certainly a bold one. We wonder what Mr. Macready himself would have thought of it. We suppose he was not asked, for, on February 12, 1849, the tragedy was produced at Astley's, under the title of *Corasco*; or, *the Warrior Steed*, and ran, to Mr. Fitzball's advantage, "upwards, if not more than one hundred nights." It proved such a success, that Mr. Batty gave Mr. Fitzball his own terms, and accepted from him, at various times, *The Prophet*; *The White Maiden of California*; *Marmion*; *Peter the Great*; *Aziel the Prodigal*; and *The Four Sons of Aymon*, while his successor, Mr. Cooke, produced *Amacosa*.

While adapting the *Four Sons of Aymon* for Astley's, Mr. Fitzball received a severe shock, in consequence of a great mis-

fortune which happened to his wife, who was attacked with a sudden loss of memory. All the doctors gave her case up, as hopeless, but Mr. Fitzball himself did not despair. He devoted his energies to restoring her to the rational enjoyment of life. His efforts were successful, and he had the inexpressible delight of seeing her once more herself, in reason, at least, if not in bodily health.

Some time after this, a succession of troubles and a combination of disappointments plunged Mr. Fitzball into innumerable difficulties, from which he saw no means of escape. Often did he regret having exchanged the plough and the harrow for the pen. It certainly does appear that there must be something not quite right in the relations between managers and authors, in "le meilleur des mondes possible," as *Candide* terms it, when we find a gentleman, who—however persons may disagree about the merits of his works, for *tot homines tot sententia*—has gained large fortunes for managers, crushed himself by bitter poverty. However, "it is a long lane that has no turning," and, at the very moment he most needed it, Mr. Fitzball was extricated, for the moment, at any rate, from his embarrassment, by a sum of money bequeathed him under the will of Mrs. Middleton, formerly the Miss Scott of the *Sans Pareil*.

In 1843, Mr. Bunn returned to Drury Lane, and immediately secured Mr. Fitzball's services as reader. *The Bohemian Girl* was produced with great success, and Mr. Fitzball, who had previously considered himself the first libretto writer of the day, candidly confesses that he might, with reason, have felt somewhat affected by jealousy, but he "most sincerely threw down the palm to the refulgent genius of Mr. Bunn." This is a very handsome acknowledgment, but not more so than that of Mr. Bunn, who, in his turn, spoke, "somewhere in America," "in the most appropriate terms" of Mr. Fitzball, and said the latter was considered "the best lyric poet of his period." There is a freshness and spontaneity about this—an utter absence of envy between two poets—which is really, to us at least, quite refreshing!

Some time subsequently, Mr. Fitzball lost his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, and of whom he speaks with touching and unaffected feeling. This misfortune proved too much for him, and his brain gave way under it. There is an old saying, that: extremes meet. This was never more forcibly exemplified than in the present instance. One day, we find Mr. Fitzball plunged in grief and perfectly inconsolable, while, the next, we meet him on the stage of the Princess's Theatre, superintending the production of a pantomime-opening he had written for Messrs. C. Kean and Keeley. But that opening, perhaps, saved his life. The exertion of writing it prevented his mind from continually brooding over his loss, and gradually restored its healthful tone.

Mr. Fitzball now resumed his regular course of laborious existence, writing away as industriously as ever. Among his later pieces, we may mention *The Last of the Fairies*, *The Miller of Derwent*, *Azazel*, and, though last not least, *Nitocris*, which was not so successful as the author could have desired. But the blame, it appears, ought to fall on the shoulders of Mr. C. Mathews. The rehearsals of *Nitocris* were proceeding admirably; every one spoke in high terms of the work; and success seemed certain, "when lo, a dark speck appeared on the horizon." That dark speck was Charles Mathews, just returned from a provincial tour. He was the acting-manager, and the first thing he did was to read *Nitocris* to the performers himself. The effect of Charles Mathews' reading a tragedy was so funny that even the author laughed till the tears trickled down his cheeks, but he was inwardly and deeply mortified. The rehearsals were now resumed under the direction of the versatile Charles, who did his best to set all right, but every word he uttered caused a titter. At length, a grand night rehearsal took place, and a supper was given to eighty persons, by Mr. E. T. Smith, on the occasion. After the curtain had fallen, everyone expressed his gratification, and Mr. Fitzball adds, "that was the proudest, the most triumphant moment of my dramatic career." There was, however, a terrible hitch on the night of the first public representation,

and, although the tragedy ran for nearly three months, it never recovered the shock of paralysis which it had sustained.

But our space warns us that we must here leave off. Those of our readers who are desirous of learning more concerning Mr. Fitzball, we refer to his book, the great merit of which is its perfect sincerity. Mr. Fitzball firmly thinks himself one of the first—if not the first—dramatic authors of the day, and frankly avows his conviction. He informs us of the compliments paid him, both before his face and behind his back; he speaks of his poetry, and also of his operas, and his chorales, in a manner which is naively arrogant, and would be offensive if coming from any one else, but is not so when proceeding from Mr. Fitzball. Why is this? Because we cannot be angry with Mr. Fitzball's speaking favourably of himself when he speaks so well of everyone else; because we cannot find it in our heart to be angry with a gentleman who has laboured for many, many years, most perseveringly, to please the public, and, while so doing, has preserved the respect and esteem of all who knew him; and because we feel convinced that, however we may disagree from some of the assertions advanced by him, he is fully entitled to inscribe on his work, Montaigne's words: "C'est icy un livre de bonne foy, lecteur."

#### BALFE'S "BOHEMIAN GIRL" AT WIESBADEN.

(Translated from the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

26th December, 1858.

So much is said, and not unjustly, of the decay of theatrical affairs generally in Germany, of the growing flatness and corruption of music—not to mention the purely dramatic art, tragedy and drama, for which Göthe, Schiller, Lessing, Iffland, and, in more modern times, Ed. Devrient, Dingelstedt, and others, have written and worked enthusiastically—that we begin to smile at these complaints, admitted even by experienced managers, as well as excellent singers and actors, when, every day, we see theatres in a tolerably independent position, and not under the necessity of relying on the indisputable influence of the shallow taste of the great mass, not only not opposing this really growing flatness of the general taste—may none of our readers acknowledge himself guilty of it—but actually falling into the current feeling. We would apply this slight reproach to the management and whole tendency of our own theatre, and, at the same time, take the liberty of knocking, although quite *piano*, at the "musical conscience" of the former—if they have one. As, however, we ought always to think as well as we can of everybody, we will assume the existence of a "purely musical conscience." How, in the name of fortune, then, does it come to pass that valuable time and excellent resources—the latter may, at least, be attributed to the orchestra—are squandered on getting up a work belonging to the "Relinquished and Surmounted," and now fashionable only here and there—even in the metropolis of Albion itself!

We allude to the getting up of Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*. We never suffered greater *ennui*—not to use a stronger term—than when listening to this poor opera, swarming with commonplaces of the first water. Without having made the slightest inquiry as to the general effect produced on the assembled audience, we are bold enough to assert that the result of the opera—including the music, spectacle, dances, market scene, rope dancing, child robbery (which we have recently had somewhere else), wonderful shot and conclusion—was one which disappointed the expectations of those clever persons who lead the public. The subtle calculation and equally wise precaution of launching, for the first time on a Sunday, such a farcical opera, yecept upon the bills "romantic"—it should rather be styled tiresome—appears to have been of slight avail, and, *à priori*, does not say much for the real worth of the music. Knowing what the majority of the Sunday public is; their simplicity, childishness, and the extent of their acquaintance with the real worth and essence of music, did the management think to achieve a success here for this opera? This fact speaks in favour of a musical conscience, not *quite* destroyed, in those who proposed and patronised this incomparable work.



It is certain that, on a repetition of *The Bohemian Girl*, "many" others will come to see and hear it, and revel for a week in the Gipsies' chorus. We must always have "Sunday pieces," and, therefore, why not "Sunday operas?" Good and refined taste, on the other hand, quickly turns away from such productions. The piquant subject—with its boorishness and vapid jokes—can only amuse a "used-up" English audience—which, at one time, was more pleased at the jokes of the late Signor Lablache as Leporello in *Don Juan* than at the eternally beautiful melodies of Mozart—and a simple or childish audience anywhere else. For the honour of the real lovers of music in London, however, let it also be expressly stated that there is likewise a chosen and select public, that understands and is inspired by "good music."

The coarse application and squandering—because useless and without an object—of the instrumental resources, which Meyerbeer, Wagner and the Italians still employ with grace, piquancy, and, although often quaintly, yet in a manner "subtly and humanly feeling and awaking tears," catches hold of us in *The Bohemian Girl* by main force, and is addressed to the majority of the audience to whom allusion has already been made. The dreariness of the first act is something indescribable; in the second and third there are a few numbers—oases in the arid steppes—which surprise the "spectator" all the more, from his having previously suffered torture, and had his ears soundly boxed. We refer especially to the song of Count Alban, Herr Lipp, in which the sad remembrance of the child he supposes lost touches his heart—Herr Lipp committed only one slight fault, namely, that of seldom singing in tune—and the chivalrous statement of the fugitive Thomas, Herr Prelinger, which that gentleman gave with unusual fire and fine tone. These pieces produced, indeed, the strongest and most lasting impression on the audience. It was certainly these two pieces alone, with, perhaps the clarinet solo—executed by Herr Schmidt in his customary perfect manner—which prevented the opera from falling ill that same "cold evening" of a fiasco, from which it would have had some difficulty in recovering.

Madlle. Hartmann, if we are not mistaken, appeared as the Bohemian Girl for the first time on the stage after a long indisposition, and did all in her power to conceal the alarming symptoms of Balfe's heroine; nay, she even covered her body with the *Pallium caritatis*; but Madlle. Hartmann committed a double error. On the one hand, she should spare her voice which is greatly fatigued—for we good-naturedly recommend her the greatest care as well as the most cautious and moderate employment of it; and, on the other, she ought to remember that a conscientious advocate will not plead in a bad cause, but willingly sacrifices the fame of merely producing a brilliant effect by a fine speech prepared beforehand. After this we need not say that Madlle. Hartmann quite merited being called the *Queen of the Gipsies*.

Herr Abich, the gipsy chief, was quite in his element. The nomad life of the gipsies strikes us, however, as having slightly affected his voice, as it appeared, on this cold evening, somewhat rough and uncultivated. But, after all, how can a man, leading such a wandering life, find time for a thorough course of instruction in singing? His acting, however, was so violently English, and comprehensible to the majority, that he may claim a share, and by no means the smallest, of the "saving act" of the 5th of December, the day on which the opera was produced.

With regard to Madlle. Herbold, it strikes us that she oversteps the limits assigned to her by nature—and no person, especially no artist, can do so with impunity—and abandons a line of business, opera and vaudeville, in which she is a valuable acquisition, that we cannot too highly prize for our theatre, when, we say, she is compelled to take parts like that of the Queen of the Gipsies, and of Venus in *Tannhäuser*. The practical sagacity of the ruling powers will end by imposing the part of Ortrud in *Lohengrin*, on Madlle. Herbold, and thus do their best to ruin fine vocal capabilities. Musical conscience! It can't be helped; it must be so, because we have no one else!

Putting out of the question all the spectacle of the opera, we ask: Why must a tolerably independent art-institution, such as the theatre here, give performances like that of *The Bohemian*

*Girl*? Is not such a course tantamount to throwing the door wide open to bad, shallow taste? Must all the screeching operas, such as *Il Trovatore*, *Rigoletto*, and other productions of Verdi—we are shortly to be regaled with *Nabucco* also—be produced here because they have succeeded in Paris and London? Must every management go with the stream? Do theatres exist merely to tickle the ear, to work with "masses" on the masses, and to gratify a shallow taste for show? Have we no longer the eternally beautiful models of the Past, or are they of no more use? Is there any scarcity of works which are here known only by name? Are not Gluck's *Alceste*, the two *Iphigenias*, *Eury-anthe*, *Jessonda*, etc., worth getting up? And why is there any hesitation about repeating good classical works by Weber, Mozart, and Beethoven, which should be fixtures on our stage? Let but a beginning be made; let the very best productions of art be presented on Sundays to the multitude, instead of vapid farces and tomfooleries; let the crowd be educated, taught, and enabled in this manner to understand and enjoy really fine works—there is certainly a grain of good feeling left in their breasts, that is capable of elevating and ennobling them, instead of assisting shallowness with what is coarse in every branch of art. Continue thus to go down hill, and the theatres will at last be desolate, or they will become—well, what then?—and educated men will flee from the place once destined to be the abode of good taste and pure beauty. Is such an association of artistic elements created merely to excite the risible muscles on a Sunday evening? Is the shallowness to which entire nations, as, for instance, the "great" nation, have fallen victims, and frivolous taste, to be found only in the multitude? Shall even independent art-institutes run after the "kind of goods that have the greatest sale?" O, what a humiliation of art! But on whom does all the evil fall except on artists, who are continually verifying Schiller's sentence; on whom, except on those who have the opportunity of satisfying their good musical conscience, and are able to be the propagandists of the really Beautiful, if they firmly make up their minds and continually and honestly exert themselves to effect a change, and if they once appreciate the dignity, object, and scope of art, and its cultivation?

W. W.

#### BALFE, "SATANELLA," COVENT GARDEN THEATRE, AND LOUISA PYNE.

(From *The Morning Chronicle*.)

It is about a quarter of a century since notice was drawn in Italy to a young Irish singer, who was wandering from town to town, astonishing the Italians by the versatility of his musical talents. He was no ordinary violinist; he was an admirable accompanist on the pianoforte; he had a mellifluous baritone voice; he could sing at sight, compose extemporaneously, and, if not pleased with any player in an orchestra, could and did take the instrument out of his hands, and play the part himself, even if on the *grosse-caisse* or on the trombone. Such varied talents could not pass unnoticed. Rossini had then made his last operatic flight in *William Tell*; Donizetti, who had not lost at that period his intellect, was in full force; Bellini was extolling the sensitive southerners by his melodious strains. He had given *Norma* at the Scala, with Pasta as the Druid priestess, and Grisi as the original Adalgisa. Pacini was in his zenith; Mercadante, a composer too little known in this country, was in the high tide of popularity; the brothers Ricci were beginning to rise, and Verdi was looming in the distance. The young Hibernian sang and composed, and all joined in the prediction of his future, but there was one artist, who not only foresaw, but was resolved that opportunity, the golden chance so difficult to obtain, should not be lost. This artist was Malibran, and the gifted composer was Balfe. She introduced him to Bunn, and the latter had the courage to give Balfe the commission for a new opera. Hence the *Siege of Rochelle*. The amateurs who recollect the success of that work are beginning to grow gray in artistic annals, but it was a great evening which witnessed the triumph of the native composer, who, not ungrateful to his patroness, wrote for her *The Maid of Artois*, the

rondo finale of which has gone the round of Europe, and has been rendered famous by Alboni and Viardot, Jenny Lind and Sontag. From Drury-lane Theatre to the Grand-Opéra in Paris, and to the Opéra-Comique in the same capital, was but a step. "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte." Balfe's name was European in due course. In Berlin, in Vienna, in St. Petersburg, were his works as much appreciated as in London and Paris. As national opera fluctuated in the metropolis, so were the wanderings of the "Minstrel Boy" extended. But this fact was flagrant, that whenever or wherever the English lyric drama was essayed then was the name of Balfe in the *répertoire*, an imperious necessity, and if an essay was made to place native talent on a "permanent" basis, then was the first authority sought for in the adhesion of Balfe. After a lapse of years, when it seemed utter insanity to make the attempt, Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison, upon their return from a protracted tour in America, ventured to take the Lyceum Theatre, on those light terms which its lessee, as the son of a manager who had done so much for music, invariably demands. The experiment looked more than hazardous; it had an air of desperation about it, but it was made, and what saved the enterprise? The *Rose of Castille* and Louisa Pyne. The musical public appeared to awaken from a trance, and they confirmed a fact they had lost sight of, namely, that we had a great composer. More than this, they found out that we had a *prima donna* competent to compete with any living singers, and there were courageous critics who did not hesitate to assure the Lyceum audiences that the Continent might be ransacked—that the Parisians might prate of their Ugalde, their Cabel, their Carvalho—that Italy might individualise their Bosio—that Germany might philosophise about their Jetty Treffz—but England had reason to glorify in her own precious fruit, the luscious Pyne. Now, the English opera has since found a transient existence at Old Drury, and finally it has established itself at Covent Garden Theatre, even on the boards on which, last season, fretted their hour the illustrious Italian singers. On the 20th Dec. was the inauguration of the new establishment: the musical masses were there, and their name was legion. It was a glorious sight to see the house filled from the pit to the roof, and recognise the old familiar faces, native and foreign, all anxious about the new opera, all asking, "Will the power of Louisa Pyne suffice to fill the vast arena?" How oblivious are the people at times. Fill the large theatre, indeed! Is it forgotten that Louisa Pyne sang the "Queen of Night," in Mozart's *Magic Flute*, at the Old Royal Italian Opera; and what has size to do with any locality, if the acoustical principle be correct? A whisper on the stage is heard at the remotest seat, and even the chopping of the Queen's English cannot extinguish the identity of the dialogue. *Satanella* was a decided success as a spectacle—another triumph for the composer—and has opened a new career for Louisa Pyne. Let us hear no more of her being a songstress confined to the florid school. She has proved herself a great dramatic artist—one who can declaim as well as execute.

#### ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Farewell Season of Mr. CHARLES KEAN as Manager.  
**MONDAY, HAMLET.** Tuesday, **THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.** Wednesday and Saturday, **THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.** Thursday, **MACBETH.** Friday, **MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING,** and the PANTOMIME every evening.

#### ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Under the Sole Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.  
**ON MONDAY** next, and every evening until further notice, the performances will commence with the highly successful new and original romantic Opera, composed expressly for the present management, by M. W. Balfe, entitled, **SATANELLA; OR, THE POWER OF LOVE.** Characters by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss Mortimer, Mrs. Martin, Mr. George Honey, Mr. A. St. Albyn, Mr. H. Corri, Mr. W. H. Payne, Mr. Bartleman, Mr. Terrott, Mr. Kirby, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. W. Harrison. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. After which **A NEW LITTLE PANTOMIME** for little people, called **LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD; OR, HARLEQUIN AND THE WOLF IN GRANNY'S CLOTHING.** Characters by Mr. W. H. Payne, Mr. Frederick Payne, Mr. Henry Payne, Mr. Flexmore, Mr. Barns, Miss Clara Morgan, Madlles. Morlacchi and Pasquale. Doors open at half-past 6, commence at 7.  
 Private boxes, £1 ls. to £3 3s.; stalls, 7s.; dress-circles, 5s.; amphitheatre—stalls, 3s. and 2s.; pit, 2s. 6d.; amphitheatre, 1s. Box-office open daily from Ten till Five, under the direction of Mr. J. Parsons, where places may be secured Free of any Charge for Booking.

**ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.**  
 A MORNING PERFORMANCE of the NEW PANTOMIME, **LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD,** will take place on Monday, January 17th, commencing at Two o'clock. Carriages to be ordered at Four.

#### GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE.

SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.  
 The gorgeous Pantomime and the great transformation scene all over every evening at Half-past Nine, with the beautiful drama of **THE WAITS; OR, A CHRISTMAS STORY.** The most attractive entertainments in London. Come early to secure your seats. All overflow tickets admitted during this week. On Saturday, Monday, and all the week, to commence with our National Christmas Pantomime of **QUEEN ANN'S FARTHING AND THE THREE KINGDOMS OF COPPER, SILVER, AND GOLD; OR, HARLEQUIN OLD KING COUNTERFEIT, AND THE GOOD FAIRY OF THE MAGIC MINT;** Princess Fame, Miss E. Terry; Truth, Miss A. Downing; Sir Mighty, Mr. G. B. Bigwood; Old Counterfeit, Mr. H. Lewis; Harlequin, Mr. W. Smith; Columbine, Miss Cusack; Pantaloon, Mr. H. Martin; Sprites, Mr. Juan and Mr. Felix Carlo; Clown, by the great Tom Matthews. To conclude with the beautiful pathetic drama of **THE WAITS; OR, A CHRISTMAS STORY,** in which the whole strength of the company will appear. The Pantomime concludes at Half-past Nine.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. JULLIEN.—*The Satanella MSS. not arrived.*

### THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15TH, 1859.

MENDELSSOHN is progressing in Paris. How could it be otherwise, where there is an institution like the Conservatoire, a composer like Auber, and a critic like M. Berlioz? Slow, but steady has been the advance of the illustrious composer ever since the cholera unexpectedly drove him from the "metropolis of the arts and of civilisation," where more than five and twenty years ago he achieved a brilliant success, which even the musicians and amateurs of Paris have since well nigh forgotten. The cholera caused Mendelssohn to leave France for England sooner than he had intended, and that very year was laid the basis of the splendid reputation he subsequently consolidated, and maintained to the end, in the land of "the Britishers."

Since that period, Mendelssohn, from a variety of conflicting circumstances, was never able to revisit Paris—at any rate, as a public man. M. Berlioz went to Leipsic, and Mendelssohn helped with his own hand—the hand that had traced *St. Paul* and the *Walpurgis-Nacht*—to copy some parts of one of the great Spontini-and-Gluckist's scores, which were wanted in a hurry, and would not otherwise have seen the light. But though M. Berlioz went to Leipsic and was handsomely treated, he did not try to persuade, or could not succeed in persuading, Mendelssohn (why, in one case and the other, is equally puzzling) to direct his steps again towards Paris, and see whether the Parisians had forgotten him. Later, it happened that Paris and the Parisians, if they did not exactly forget him, at least lapsed into a quasi-indifference about the great man and his works, neglecting the true successor of Beethoven, for others, like Onslow, &c., so vastly his inferiors, that most of their compositions are already passing into decay.

There was a good time coming, however. The heaviest cloud must at length evaporate; and then the sun is visible. The cloud that hung over Mendelssohn's reputation in Paris seems to be pretty well dispersed. His music is now sought everywhere, not simply by enthusiastic artists, but by the great public, and—a sign of the times—by the erewhile frigid and chary critics, who had been previously misled by the sophistry and commonplaces of M. Fétis—*bibliographe* of *bibliographes*, but nothing more.

We have for some time observed this change for the better. Even the clumsy expedient of attempting half of *Elijah* in



the *Champs Elysées*, however discreditable to M. Pasdeloup,\* showed that the whole of *Elijah* would some day be wanted; and that day will arrive, without even the assistance and countenance of Mad. Pauline Viardot-Garcia, who has for a series of years been remarkably eloquent on the subject.

Vieuxtemps, the violinist, has been playing the Quintet in B flat (posthumous), for stringed instruments, and the Parisian critics, no less than the Parisian amateurs, are enchanted by that great work. Listen to one of them, in the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* :—

"We shall be everywhere hearing, this winter, the works of Mendelssohn. At the same time, we cannot possibly resist the desire of stating the favour they actually enjoy, the popularity which they are obtaining among our artists and true amateurs. The quintet in B flat major created the most rapturous sensations. Vieuxtemps ravished and electrified the audience in phrasing majestically (*magistralement*) the beautiful melody of the *adagio*. What poignant grief is there in this movement! What dolorous agitation, and how poetically expressed!

"How can we, for so long a time, have accused Mendelssohn of coldness, of dull colouring, of dry and abstract combinations? The last *allegro molto vivace*, which abounds in melody, would alone suffice to give the lie to such a charge, lightly made, like so many others. We might again cite the *andante scherzando*. But to what purpose? Mendelssohn has definitively taken rank among the illustrious masters of Germany, and, while continuing to admire his style, the public has recognised the ideas, the emotion, the warmth, the creative power, and the originality, at times audacious, which shines forth in almost all the productions of the author of *Paulus* and *Elijah*†.

"ADOLPHE BOTTE."

"Cato, thou reasonest well!" Adolphe Botte, thou hast given another among many proofs that because thy compatriots were not the first out of Germany to discover the genius of the man who turned Shakspeare into such music as Shakspeare, had he been a musician, would himself have composed, they were coy at recognising him. But that time is gone. Mendelssohn, too, has departed, and can write no more; and now the chivalrous side of the French character appears; now the number of converts to Mendelssohn is augmenting day by day, and gradually and surely the immense worth of the artist—his right, in short, to take his place with that noble phalanx of art-captains who have shed lustre on music—will be freely acknowledged by every musical Frenchman.

ONE of the most melancholy objects of still life, that can present itself to the human gaze, is the detached half of a pair of scissors. A turtle-dove that has lost her mate appeals strongly to the feelings of the sentimental, but even

\* Director of the *Société des Jeunes Artistes*.

† "Nous retrouverons partout cet hiver les œuvres de Mendelssohn; toutefois, il nous est impossible de résister au désir de constater la faveur dont elles jouissent actuellement, la popularité qu'elles obtiennent parmi les artistes et les vrais amateurs. Le quintour en si bémol majeur a fait éprouver les plus délicieuses sensations. Vieuxtemps a ravi et électrisé l'auditoire en phrasant magistralement la belle mélodie de l'*adagio*. Quelle tristesse poignante dans cette page! Comme cette agitation est douloureuse et poétiquement exprimée.

"Comment a-t-on pu si longtemps accuser Mendelssohn de froideur, de coloris terne, de séches et abstraites combinaisons? Le dernier *allegro molto vivace*, où la mélodie foisonne, suffirait à lui seul pour démentir une semblable accusation, faite à la légère comme tant d'autres. Nous pourrions encore citer l'*andante scherzando*. Mais à quoi bon? Mendelssohn a pris définitivement rang parmi les illustres maîtres de l'Allemagne, et, en admirant toujours son style, le public a reconnu qu'il devait aussi admirer les pensées, l'émotion, la chaleur, la force créatrice et l'originalité, parfois fougueuse, qui éclatent dans presque toutes les productions de l'auteur d'*Elie* et de *Paulus*.

"ADOLPHE BOTTE."

this common type of blighted affection does not represent the strongest case of bereavement. The lonely turtle is complete as far as she goes; she is at any rate a perfect bird. But to the nature of scissors duality is so absolutely essential, that the expression for them cannot be reduced to the singular number. No one would think of giving to half a pair of "scissors" the name of "scissor."

The only bereaved thing that would in some degree approach to the extreme of incompleteness we have just indicated would be Drury Lane Theatre severed from Mr. E. T. Smith. That large house, that stands at the corner of Bridges-street and Russell-street, and affords delight every Christmas to a vast multitude, who, undeterred by the admonitions of the Dean of Carlisle, still persist in loving Christmas pantomimes, owes all of life that is connected with it to the enterprise and integrity of the present lessee. Had it not been for Mr. E. T. Smith, one of the most honoured temples of the drama would have been a mere architectural curiosity—a relic of the Past, like some ruined edifice of Athens or of Rome. Nay, as the beauty of its exterior is not remarkable, it would have still more closely resembled those battered messuages in Stamford-street, said to be tenanted by a large company of ghosts.

When Mr. E. T. Smith had continued to pay rent for two successive years, the Committee were in a state of marvel, and the fact was recorded in the newspapers with sceptical solemnity. Drury Lane Theatre, in public opinion, was certainly made to let, but, as for expecting any rent from the tenant during a period of four-and-twenty months, as well might the shade of Cheops demand his quarterly dues from the Viceroy of Egypt for the use of the Pyramids. But Mr. E. T. Smith not only paid his rent for two successive years; he went on paying for the years that followed; and he pays it now.

Admiration is the least durable of human emotions, as any beauty who has been married two years, and recollects the idolatries of her husband during the romantic period of courtship, can amply testify. Now, the admiration which all the committee-men of Drury Lane once felt towards Mr. E. T. Smith, is, in the minds of some, so completely worn out, that they have actually grown weary of receiving his quarterly payment. A tenant, who always pays his way, produces no excitement; but, when the results of each coming day are uncertain, an efficient check against tedious monotony is provided. So these spoiled children of fortune, despising the good luck that has blessed them with Mr. E. T. Smith, actually want to get rid of him, and try some one else. Thus the dog, with the solid meat in his mouth, preferred the shadow.

Perhaps, for some aristocratic potentate, Mr. E. T. Smith's style of management is not sufficiently genteel and exclusive. If so, we take leave to inform the white-kidded anti-Smithian, that the present lessee perfectly understands the uses to which Drury Lane can be put, and that it is on account of the soundness of his views in this respect, that he has been hitherto so successful. Excepting in the case of the lyrical drama, playgoers of the highest rank prefer small to large theatres; they instinctively shrink from a mixed multitude of apparently unlimited strength, and they love to hear, without an effort, the words spoken on the stage. Of late years, every attempt to manage Drury Lane on genteel principles has proved a disastrous failure, and we may regard the point as fairly established, that, as a dramatic theatre, the house, with respect to the

higher classes, represents a condition of taste widely different from that which prevails at the present day. Mr. E. T. Smith, by making his huge edifice a theatre for the people, took the only course that was open to him. By persons of humble rank a large house is still preferred to a small one; the effects on the stage appear grander; even the broad sweep of the *salle* looks imposing. Mr. E. T. Smith has appealed to the multitude, and he has prospered. He has had pantomimes for the people—operas for the people—tragedies for the people. The people have responded to the call, and the proprietors of Drury Lane have received their rent.

It is possible, however, that the conversion of Drury Lane into an Opera-house is contemplated. So be it. Drury Lane will still be the opera for the people. With lyrical theatres fitted up for exclusive subscribers we are already over-stocked, and we have no faith in any project for parting off the public tier of Old Drury into a series of private boxes. Why should not Mr. E. T. Smith remain as the lessee of an English opera-house? He is not bigotted to any class of performances—he would neither sacrifice Balfé to Shakspeare nor Shakspeare to Balfé, nor harlequin to either, against the interests of the establishment; but whatever the “people” is prepared to like, he is prepared to give—whether it be “tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical, scene-indivisible, or poem unlimited.”

In fine, for the office of lessee of Drury Lane Theatre no one is better qualified than Mr. E. T. Smith. He is respected and even beloved by his retainers; he endears himself to the multitude by repeated acts of charity and good-nature; and lastly—he pays his rent. What would the committee have more?

#### AMATEUR PERFORMANCE AT CAMPDEN HOUSE.

THE society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, which although based on the Philographic Society, established in 1856, was only founded last September, has made such good use of the brief time it has been in existence—principally through the indefatigable exertions of the honorary corresponding Secretary, Mr. Henry Otley—that it has already gained friends and support in quarters possibly never contemplated. What ardent shareholder or sanguine director, *à priori*, would have looked for help from Aldershot? Who would have imagined that the ranks of the militia would supply assistance, or officers on half pay step forward as champions of the Fine Arts? And yet such has been the case. An amateur performance in aid of the Prize Fund of the Society, took place at Campden House, Kensington, on Tuesday evening. The performers were mostly officers—militia, and of the line. There were R. E. M. M.'s S. M. M.'s, and off-shoots from the R. W. Fusiliers, and the 9th Lancers. Mars, in short, fraternised gracefully with Thalia. As a general rule, amateur performances are bores not to be tolerated. The warlike candidates for the sock and buskin on the present occasion, however, were certainly out of the pale of “muffdom,” and not only delighted the aristocratic assembly that filled Mr. Wolley's pretty little theatre, but absolutely pleased the “critical.” Nor was this to be wondered at, for, though warriors, the performers were by no means tyros. Which of our readers, indeed, has not heard of the Thespian achievements at Plymouth, Aldershot, and elsewhere, of the gallant Captain Disney Roebuck, who may fairly be entitled the James Wallack of amateurs? Who has not heard of the facetious Warde Braham—the youngest born of the Braham—whose imitations would make the fortune of a manager? Then there was Mr. H. L. Hood, an amateur of excellent judgment and humour, whom we should have no objection to see ex-

changed for more than one professional comedian at our public theatres. Nor would it be just to overlook Mr. Edward King, late of the 9th Lancers, who wants nothing but experience in the management of his lower members, nor Major Blachford, S.M.M., who labours at present somewhat more extensively under a similar disadvantage.

The ladies, all professionals, were Miss Wadham, kindly commissioned by E. T. Smith, Esq., of Drury Lane; Miss Clara St. Casse, a new American importation, we believe, liberally proffered by Mr. Kingsbury, of whom she is an articulated pupil; and Mrs. Firth, with whose antecedents we are unacquainted.

The performances consisted of Mr. J. Morton's comedy—translation, rather—*Our Wife; or, The Rose of Amiens*, and Mr. Charles Dance's comic drama—translation, rather—*A Wonderful Woman*. Both pieces are old friends, the latter especially, which was written for Mr. Charles Matthews, but hardly suited to that brilliant and versatile actor, who found himself out of his line in sentiment. The performance of the principal characters on Tuesday was really meritorious, without claiming any extenuation on the score of amateurism. In the first piece Captain Disney Roebuck, Mr. Warde Braham, and Mr. H. L. Hood, particularly distinguished themselves; and, in the second, Captain Roebuck, Mr. Hood, and Mr. M. Williams. Miss Wadham sustained her two characters with infinite spirit and natural grace, and made a decided impression as Madame Hortense in the *Wonderful Woman*.

Unfortunately, the performances were not restricted to the above—we say, unfortunately, for else we should have had nothing to award but praise. There was a band to play before and after the dramas, and a concert to “wind up.” The band, called “The Ladies' Band,” is composed of a family hight “Greenhead,” and includes a first violin, two second violins, a tenor, a piano, two violoncellos, a drum and triangle. The overture to *Tancredi*, which began the proceedings of the evening, was not executed in the most satisfactory manner possible. The first fiddle did not exactly coincide with the piano in intonation; the tenor suffered from lowness of pitch; the violoncellos exhibited entire independence of the other instruments and of each other; while the drum displayed a tendency to loiter. Had the “Ladies' Band” been composed of amateurs, we might have felt disposed to visit their performances with leniency; but the fact of their coming forward as “professionals” spares us the necessity of forbearance. The performances of the amateurs, compared with those of the “artists,” were as gold to brass, or as anything sterling to anything false.

With respect to the concert in the long drawing-room, it is only requisite to state that the singers were Miss Fanny Rowland, Miss Gerard, Miss M. Wortley, Miss Clara St. Casse, and the Misses McAlpine; and that Mr. Kingsbury presided at the piano in place of Mr. Walter Macfarren, for whom an apology was made.

In the course of the evening, the magnificent suite of drawing-rooms, brilliantly illuminated, was thrown open to the visitors, who for more than an hour amused themselves with inspecting the pictures, antiquities, curiosities, and rare articles of *vertu* with which they are filled.

#### ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

THE performance of *Le Domino Noir*, produced on Wednesday night, was on a par with the previous essays of the new French Company. The principal tenor, M. Fougères, having been found incompetent, was replaced by another, M. Berger, who has no voice whatever, nor any notion of the art of singing. M. Berger, however, is rather a lively actor, and so the brilliant part of Horace, if dull in a musical sense, was histrionically passable. M. Emon, the second tenor, as the companion of Horace, both from a vocal and dramatic point of view, was superior to M. Berger. On the other hand, the strictly comic element was most dismally represented by M.M. Mortreuil and Montclar, who respectively aimed at being funny as Lord Effort and Gil Perez.

The female characters were in better hands, although they might have been in better hands. Madlle. Celine Mathieu, as



the friend and companion of Angèle, was spirited and *éveillée*, while Madame Fauré, in the personage of the Black Domino, displayed all the good qualities, combined with the defects, which have already been noted as appertaining to her artistic capacity, and gave the *Aragonaise* with such animation and vigour as to elicit a hearty encore from the audience.

The concerted music, from end to end, was executed in the most pointless and slovenly manner, which was chiefly owing to the deplorable inefficiency of the chorus, and to the incompetence of Madame Montangerant, a (not very young) *débutante*, who undertook the not unimportant part of Jacinthe, and was so imperfect in the music, that she continually put everyone out, behind the lamps and in the orchestra. Through this misfortune, the admirable scene of the third act, which begins with the Chorus of Nuns—one of the most genial and delicious inspirations of Auber—was utterly ruined. The orchestra played the overture with remarkable spirit, but elsewhere in the opera—in a great measure, doubtless, for the reasons we have specified—failed to support the reputation acquired by its performance in the *Part du Diable*.

M. Remusat must look sharp, or his speculation will look flat.

#### DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

**HAYMARKET.**—Miss Amy Sedgwick re-appeared on Monday, in *The Love Chase*, after an absence, the length of which would have seemed unaccountable to the frequenters of the theatre, had not the lady's marriage intervened in the meantime. By the withdrawal of his new actress, Mr. Buckstone was compelled to fall back upon his old stock pieces, such as *The School for Scandal*, *The Rivals*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, &c., to which, with his company, he could hardly have looked for eminent success. With Miss Amy Sedgwick will return those dramas far better suited to the calibre of the Haymarket company, such as *The Love Chase*, *The Hunchback*, *The Unequal Match*, &c., &c. A new actress, Mrs. W. C. Forbes, from the United States, is announced, and will appear on Tuesday next, as the Widow Cheerly, in Cherry's Comedy of *The Soldier's Daughter*.

**LYCEUM.**—The new drama, in three acts, *Marion de Lorme*; or, *The Cradle of Steam*, now pursuing a successful career at this theatre, was originally written in French for Madame Celeste, and then translated into English. The French author's name is not familiar to the English reader. The story is sufficiently interesting, but is not well worked out at the end. The writer takes most unallowable liberties with history. He places Cardinal Mazarin in direct opposition to Cardinal Richelieu; and with inimitable coolness bestows the discovery of the power of steam on an obscure doctor, who, in turn, conveys the knowledge to the Marquis of Worcester, who takes the discovery to England—and there rests our information. Could the author be really so ignorant as not to know "What's Watt?" The character of Marion is forcibly drawn, and is exceedingly well sustained by Madame Celeste, who lends it all her energy and peculiar attraction.

**PRINCESS'S.**—*Hamlet* has been revived, and seems to attract as much as *Macbeth*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, or *The Corsican Brothers*. The character of the Prince of Denmark, more than any other, is intimately associated with the actor's name. It was in *Hamlet*, when quite young, that Mr. Charles Kean first won for himself an honourable place among the actors of the day, and it is still in *Hamlet* that the critics adjudge Mr. Kean his highest excellence, at least in his Shaksperian repertoire. Mrs. Charles Kean's Gertrude is in every way admirable. The Ophelia of Miss Heath is tender, devoted, most gracious, and tinged with that melancholy which, anticipating her fate, the poet could not refrain from infusing into his portraiture.

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.**—The record of the third of these entertainments may be almost summed up in a paragraph of the following announcement, which was circulated among the audience assembled in St. James's Hall on Monday evening:—

"Monday Popular Concerts.—Owing to the continued indisposition of Mr. Sims Reeves, he will be unable to sing this evening, and Mr.

Wilbye Cooper will perform his music. Miss Arabella Goddard has kindly consented to play Thalberg's "Home, sweet home," between the parts, in addition to the pieces already announced in the programme. Madame Lancia will sing "A fors' à lui," instead of "Non temer." Persons having purchased tickets can have them exchanged for next Monday evening, January 17th, or have their money returned on application."

The attendance was a very large one, notwithstanding the disappointment; and the audience, evidently determined to be pleased with the entertainment provided for them, were liberal of their applause, and profuse of encores. Miss Arabella Goddard became the heroine of the evening, and, on appearing in the orchestra, was rapturously received. The *Patineurs* of Liatz, executed with wonderful brilliancy, was enthusiastically encored, in response to which the lady substituted the "Last rose of summer" fantasia, by the same composer. The other pieces performed by Miss Goddard were the popular "Home, sweet home," and Osborne's *Huguenots* duet for two pianofortes, in which she enjoyed the powerful co-operation of Mr. Benedict. Both were eminently successful, and the duet, heard for the first time at these concerts, created a furor.

Almost the only interesting piece of vocal music in the concert was Haydn's canzonet, "My mother bids me bind my hair," admirably sung by Miss Poole, and encored with a heartiness which might be accepted as a warning by the directors of the Monday Popular Concerts, who seemingly entertain the conviction that the "great public" will not tolerate sensible music.

Of the rest of the programme there is little to say. The new singer, Madame Lancia, we are sorry to state, does not improve on acquaintance. We are ready, however, to applaud the good judgment which induced her to substitute, at the eleventh hour, the cavatina from the *Traviata* for Mozart's magnificent "Non temer," which she was at first announced to sing. There were four encores, in addition to those already named awarded to Miss Goddard and Miss Poole—viz., to the Swedish singers, in Becker's glee, "Fort tappa Kompani," and in Neithardt's serenade, "Qvinnans lof," to Miss Lascelles in Benedict's song, "I murmur not," and to Miss Poole, in "Barney O'Hea."

The singers and instrumentalists, besides the above, comprised Miss Stabbach, Miss Leffler; Messrs. Wilbye Cooper and Santley. Mr. Benedict conducted.

#### JULLIEN AT LEEDS.

(From the *Leeds Mercury*.)

ON Tuesday evening M. Jullien gave a farewell concert in the Victoria Hall, prior to taking his "universal tour," in which he proposes to himself the somewhat Utopian project of uniting all nations in a brotherhood of harmony. The popularity won by Jullien in the earlier part of his career, fitful though it may have been at times, has not suffered that fate which too often follows in the track of the world's applause, and on Tuesday evening he was greeted by an audience more numerous, and not less fashionable, than has ever welcomed him before to Leeds. The admirable means of ingress to the hall, on the different sides, prevented any such crushing and struggling as used to be the case at the Music Hall on a "Jullien night," but there was sufficient pressure to create excitement, and the whole scene, for a short time previous to M. Jullien taking his place in the orchestra, and also during the performance of the opening overture, recalled many pleasant reminiscences of times when it required more patience and perseverance than now to overcome the difficulties of a Jullien's concert. Owing to persistence in the mode of numbering adopted at the Festival, and which has been shown on more than one occasion quite inadequate for the rapid seating of a numerous audience, assembling within a short time of the commencement of a performance, several ladies were prosecuting a vain search for their seats when M. Jullien entered the orchestra, and it was not until the close of the overture, the effect of which was considerably marred in consequence, that those in the stalls had got seated, and then only by their taking places indiscriminately. This source of confusion over, and the calls for "hats off" and "sit down" having subsided, the



concert proceeded. The programme included the usual selection of operatic and dance music, with portions of Beethoven's *Pastoral* and Mozart's *Jupiter* symphonies, interspersed with vocal performances by Mad. Anna Bishop. The band consisted of 44 instrumentalists, who were completely under the control of M. Jullien's *bâton*, and performed not only with great brilliancy, but with a precision and power that must have been to the conductor a source of infinite satisfaction. The dance music was sparkling, and rendered with a degree of animation which set many nimble feet in motion. Apart from M. Jullien, who must always be regarded as the feature *par excellence* of his own concerts—for time seems not to change, and rivalry never disturbs that unique figure presiding with so much grace and expression in the conductor's chair, and wielding so potently the wand which guides the motions of those under his direction—apart, we say, from M. Jullien himself, the feature of the evening was the appearance of M. Wieniawski, who presented himself for the first time before a Leeds audience. Following so closely upon a succession of great violinists, whose reputation is yet fresh in the memory of many old concert *habitués*, it required the possession of abilities of no common order to enter the arena of competition, and to have succeeded is a triumph of which to be proud. That M. Wieniawski belongs to the first rank, is undoubted, and the *furor* which his performance of Paganini's *Carnaval de Venise* created on Tuesday evening, caused an enthusiasm without limit. Though the *encore* was at first declined, it was found impossible to proceed until the young artist again appeared, amidst the rapturous applause of the audience. Madame Anna Bishop sang Guglielmi's aria, "Gratias agimus tibi" (flute obbligato by Herr Reichert) and a ballad, "Oh, come again to-morrow," in both of which she was encored, "Home, sweet home," being substituted for the latter. The aria was a fine specimen of vocal execution, and "Home, sweet home," proved that Madame Bishop could be equally successful in simple melody. This latter was an exquisite performance, leaving an impression which will linger in the mind, and float through the memory as a joy of the past. Jullien's new waltz, *Fern Leaves*, and his quadrille, *The Lancers*, were encored, the new *Varsouvienne*, also, being very favourably received.

#### PROVINCIAL.

THE *Leeds Intelligencer* gives a voluminous account of M. Jullien's Farewell Concerts at Leeds. If not quite so intelligent, our cotemporary is more lively than usual in his remarks. We learn, for instance, that the "overture to *Guillaume Tell* was heightened in interest by solos on the violoncello, flute, oboe, and trumpet," and that "M. Wieniawski played a violin concerto of Mendelssohn on a very common-looking fiddle." We are also informed of the Cheap Concerts at the Town Hall, in which Madame Amadei (according to the *Intelligencer*, "*prima donna contralto*" of Her Majesty's Theatre) (?)—Mlle. Sedlatzek (according to the same authority, of the Royal Italian Opera) (?), Mr. E. Reeves, brother to Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Allan Irving (according to the *Intelligencer*, of Her Majesty's and the Nobility's Concerts), were the vocalists. "Sophia and Annie" were likewise giving their "Sketches" at the Music Hall. The Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society have held their annual Christmas *soirée* at the St. George's School-room; and Madame Lola Montez, Countess of Landsfeldt, had commenced a series of lectures, to be alternated between Leeds and Manchester, at the Music Hall. A Dublin correspondent writes that the University of Dublin Choral Society, an association of amateurs, gave their first concert for the season on Friday, 7th January. The choral singing was excellent, and the band no less so. The solos were entrusted to Madlle. Sedlatzek, Madame Amadei, Mr. Edwin Reeves, and Mr. Allan Irving. The concert, which was attended by the Earl and Countess of Eglinton, and all the chief people of the city, was, in respect of length, a pattern. It has been too often the case, that concert audiences are wearied out before they have heard all the good things set down for their benefit, but in the present instance the entertainment, beginning at 8.45, was concluded at 10.35. The programme contained *The First Walpurgis Night*, Mendelssohn's trio and chorus from the (unknown) serenata of *The Island of Calypso*, by our talented countryman, Mr. Edward Loder, and part-songs by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, and others. The society is flourishing, and in the best working order.

The Edinburgh journals are glowing in their eulogiums on M.,

Jullien, his band, his prima donna, and his fiddler. His first concert given in the Scotch capital, on Saturday last, in the Music Hall, attracted a dense crowd. Nothing could surpass the enthusiasm of the audience. Madame Anna Bishop, particularly, appears to have gained the favourable opinion of the good folks of Auld Reekie. "The great feature of the concert—to our thinking,"—writes the *Edinburgh Express*—"was the reappearance in Edinburgh, after a long absence, of Madame Anna Bishop, well-known as a soprano of high standing. Her splendid voice remains unimpaired by the lapse of years, displaying the same liquid purity and richness of tone, and the same power and volume which years ago rendered her remarkable as a vocalist. Rarely, indeed, do we hear a soprano of such quality at any of our concerts; and M. Jullien has conferred an obligation on the public of Edinburgh, in affording them an opportunity of listening once more to the strains of so charming and distinguished an *artiste*. The aria, "*Gratias agimus tibi*," which formed Madame Bishop's contribution to the first part of the concert, displayed her remarkable flexibility and power of voice; but it was in the second part that she produced the greatest impression upon the audience, when the exquisite expression which she threw into a touching and simple ballad, entitled 'Oh! come again to-morrow,' called forth the most enthusiastic applause; and, in obedience to a rapturous *encore*, she sang 'Home, sweet home,' with a taste and feeling which seemed quite to electrify her audience." The *Scotsman* is equally enthusiastic, and pronounces Mad. Bishop to be without a rival in ballad singing. "As an exponent of ballad music," exclaims our northern contemporary, "Mad. Bishop has no peer. She has a true conception of the manner in which it should be rendered, and never smothers the melody under a load of uncongenial ornament. It is hardly necessary to say that her rendering of 'Home, sweet home,' was received with a torrent of hearty applause." Both *Scotsman* and *Express* can scarcely find words to convey their wonder and delight at M. Wieniawski's performance. Jullien's new contributions, too, come in for a large share of approbation. In short, the "Farewell Concerts" have proved no less successful in the Scottish capital than in the English provincial towns.

The *Wigan Examiner* gives a favourable account of the new Operetta Company in the little piece, *Caught and Caged*. The singing of Madame Enderssohn, and Messrs. Tennant and Patey is highly spoken of.—At the First Annual Dinner of the Halifax Glee and Madrigal Society, held on Wednesday week, at the Odd Fellows' Hall, M. R. S. Burton, the conductor of the society, was presented by the members with a gold-mounted cane, of the value of £7 10s.

GLASGOW.—A melancholy occurrence took place on Saturday within the theatre at the Green, occupied by Mr. Parry. Throughout the whole day performance succeeded performance in rapid succession, and crowds were waiting to go in so soon as those in were ready to go out. From the pit there are two doors leading into a passage of considerable length, and three feet and a-half wide, which in turn leads into Greenhead-street. These are kept by a person who directs his attention solely to the duties of that office. Shortly after one o'clock, and on the conclusion of one of the performances, the keeper unlocked one of the doors, and so great was the rush out that he was jammed between the door and the wall, and could not get freed. Meanwhile a girl named Rebecca Montgomery, 13 years of age, and a daughter of a shoemaker, residing at 2, Hall-close, South Pettigrew-street, being among the first in the passage, somehow fell, within two yards of the door, was run over by the crowd that madly followed, and only rescued after having been knocked down insensible. She was immediately conveyed to the shop of Dr. McCarson, Saltmarket, but all attempts to restore life failed, and the unfortunate girl was handed over to her parents, in the Central Police Chambers, a corpse! Mr. Parry has taken means to inter the body with becoming decency, paid all expenses connected with the sad event, and done everything in his power to lessen the grief thus suddenly brought on a mourning family.—*Glasgow Bulletin*.

RACHEL.—Jules Janin, the dramatic critic, has just published a *Life of Rachel*, which is making some noise. He knew as much about the great actress as any one; in fact it was he who first made her transcendent merit known to the country; and consequently his history of her is the best of the very many that have appeared. But it is entirely deficient in that anecdote and scandal which the French look for in all biographies of actresses.

MR. CHARLES SALAMAN delivered his lecture on "Weber and his Compositions," at the Corn Exchange, Maidstone, on Tuesday. The vocal illustrations were given by Miss Eliza Hughes and Mr. Theodore Distin.

M. SAINTON, the eminent violinist, has had the honour of receiving, from His Majesty the King of Holland, the royal order of the "Cœuronné de Chêne."

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD, who has been playing all the week at the Liverpool concerts, given under the superintendence of Mr. E. Thomas, is engaged at Chatham on Monday, at Brighton on Tuesday, at M. Jullien's (Beethoven Night) Wednesday, and at Greenwich on Thursday.

MISS LOUISA VINNING is engaged for Mr. Geary's tour in Ireland, which begins at Dublin on the 24th inst. The engagements of M. Remenyi, and Miss Arabella Goddard have already been announced.

MADLE. FINOLI, the popular soprano, has arrived in London, and will remain here during the present season, despite the severest fogs and frosts with which our cheerful metropolis may be afflicted.

We regret to state that Mr. G. A. Sala, the popular author and journalist, is suffering from some severe injuries which he received from the hands of some ruffians, while returning home, a few nights since.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD will perform, for the first time, on Monday next, at the St. James's Hall, a new Irish fantasia, entitled *Erin*, and composed expressly for her by M. Benedict.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Mendelssohn's oratorio *St. Paul* was performed last night at Exeter Hall, under the direction of Mr. Costa. Particulars in our next.

MEYERBEER's new opera *Dinorah*, is, we understand, to be produced at the Opéra-Comique (Paris), in the course of next month.

ITALIAN OPERA AT DRURY LANE.—In addition to the list of singers announced last week as already secured for the forthcoming Italian Opera at Drury Lane, we may name Mad. Penco, who has signed articles with Mr. E. T. Smith.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—At the extraordinary meeting of Fellows, the following gentlemen, Associates, were elected Fellows:—Messrs. F. S. Brizzi, Charles Cooté, George Cooper, J. W. Davison, Charles Goffrie, John Henry Griesbach, Ernest Pauer, Marmaduke C. Wilson (professors); and W. E. Kilburn, the Rev. Croom Alan Wickes, B.A., and Edward Wingfield (non-professors). The Society now numbers 590 Fellows and Associates.

BEETHOVEN ROOMS.—Madlle. Anna Kull, the violoncellist, gave a concert, on Thursday evening, at the above rooms. The selection was made with good taste, and both vocal and instrumental performances are entitled to praise. Madlle. Kull, for a lady violoncellist, displays an unusual proficiency on the instrument. Her performances included a duo, for piano and violoncello, by M. Paque, with Herr Wilhelm Ganz; a fantasia solo, by Servais; another solo, by J. Kull; and, with Herr Kleine, a duet for two violoncellos, by M. Paque. The vocalists were Miss Emily Gresham, Madlle. Mathilde Rudersdorf, and Herr Mengis. Miss Emily Gresham was much applauded in Agatha's song, with violoncello accompaniment, from *Der Freischütz*, and Cherubini's "Ave Maria." The audience was more elegant than numerous.

BRIXTON—AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.—(From a Correspondent).—The third concert took place on Wednesday, at the Angell Town Institution, and was conducted by Mr. C. Boose. The programme comprised (in the instrumental department) Haydn's No. 9 symphony, Mozart's overtures to *Don Giovanni* and *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Boieldieu's to *La Dame Blanche*, Meyerbeer's "Robert, toi que j'aime," as a solo for the cornet-a-piston, and Laurent's "Maud Valse." In the vocal department there were Balfé's serenade, "Good night, beloved," and duet, "List, dearest, list;" Aubér's ballad, "The young mountaineer;" Hatton's, "Come live with me," besides other songs and duets. The instrumental performances were good, and, considering there was not the usual attendance in the orchestra, much credit was due to the performers, especially in the symphony and waltzes. Miss Anne Cox and Mr. W. H. Cummings sang with their usual talent, and received their due share of approbation from a numerous audience. The solo on the cornet-a-piston met with distinguished approval. The whole of the accompaniments were undertaken by amateurs, and a marked

improvement on previous concerts was observed and appreciated by subscribers.

THE HAGUE, 23rd December, 1858.—The day before yesterday, we had a brilliant performance of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy's *Paulus*, under the direction of Herr W. Lübeck. The combined musical forces were imposing and very brilliant; the choruses, which had been admirably studied, were executed with precision, fire, and energy; the orchestra, also, was good, although, here and there, a stricter observance and more appropriate style of execution of the *piano* would have been desirable. The solo parts were well supported. The soprano, Mad. Offermanns, sang excellently, though she might, perhaps, have imparted greater expression and rhythmical intonation to the recitative. Herr Du Mont-Fier, from Cologne, sang the part of Paulus admirably, both as regards voice and style, gaining by the second air especially repeated and most tumultuous applause. Herr Göbbels, of Aix-la-Chapelle, was the tenor. We had previously heard this young artist—who has been endowed by nature with a soft and very agreeable voice—several times in Germany, but he was not so good as on the present occasion. He has made very satisfactory progress, and completely merited the applause bestowed on him. The room was quite full, and the audience greatly excited and very enthusiastic.—*Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

We are informed that Mr. M. W. Balfé has signed an engagement with Messrs. Boosey and Sons, to publish with them for a series of years.

We are delighted to hear that a new edition of A. Schindler's *Biographie Beethoven's* is in the press. This book had been for some time out of print. As it is the only authentic source from which all our information concerning the great man's circumstances, etc., is derived, although variously distorted, the intelligence that Herr A. Schindler has completed a new edition, in two volumes, will excite the most general interest. The first volume will, perhaps, be published as early as the end of January.

VIVA VERDI.—A private letter from Florence states, so great is the political fermentation in that city, that the authorities suppress every kind of popular demonstration, and will not even allow the people to shout "Viva Verdi," after the opera, fancying that they spy a hidden meaning in the composer's name, whose initials may imply *Vittorio Emanuele Re d'Italia*. Who would have looked for so much subtlety at the police-office?

MUSICAL ENTHUSIASM.—A certain musical amateur is walking gravely along, with his left hand fixed in a frame. "Holloa! what's the matter!" cries a friend. "Oh! my friend," he replies, with an impassioned accent, "I have had the happiness to have this hand pressed by Piccolomini, and I have had it framed."

LOVE AMONG INSECTS.—As is the case with several other moths the male oak eggers are sad victims to the tender passion, and fall in love not only at first sight, but long before they see the object of their affections at all. If a female egger is caught immediately after her entrance into the regions of air, and placed in a perforated box near an open window, her unseen charms will be so powerfully felt by gentlemen of her own race that they will flock to the casket that contains their desired treasure, and fearlessly run about it flatter their wings, and striving to gain admission. So entirely do they abandon themselves to the captivity of love, that they do not fear the risk of a bodily captivity, and will suffer themselves to be taken by the hand, without even an endeavour to escape. Carry the imprisoned moth into the fields, and even there the eager suitors will arrive from all quarters, and bodily alight on the box while in the hand of the entomologist. Most wonderful must be the influence that can emanate from so small a creature, and extend to so great a distance, an influence which, although entirely inappreciable by any human sense, exercises so potent a sway on all sides, and to so great a distance. The conditions, too, of this mysterious influence are singularly delicate; for, after the moth has once found a mate, she may be placed amid a crowd of gentlemen, and not one will take the least notice of her. Like the young beauty of the ball room, who, whilom attracted to herself crowds of beaux that fluttered around her, and contended with each other for a look or a smile from their temporary divinity, but who finds herself deserted

by the fickle crowd when her election is made; so our Lady Lasiocampa Quercus, after setting all hearts a-blaze for a time, makes happy one favoured individual, is deserted by the many rejected, and left in quiet to the duties of a wife and a mother. Her marriage life is but short, for her husband rarely survives his happiness more than a few hours, and she, after making due preparations for her numerous family, whom she is never to see, feels that she has fulfilled her destiny, and gives up a life which has now no further object.—*Wood's Common Objects of the Country.*

### MARIA ANNA SCHIKANEDER.

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

THE newspapers lately announced the fact that the King of Bavaria had granted a monthly allowance to a widow of the name of Eickhof—formerly Fräulein Schikaneder—who is now living here in a state of the bitterest poverty. It may, perhaps, interest the readers of your paper to learn something more about this lady. The following facts I had from her own lips:

Maria Anna Schikaneder is the daughter of the Schikaneder who held the office of *Hofmusikus* at the Prince Bishop's court at Freising. She is now eighty-six years old, and totally blind. Up to within a short time she had resided here almost completely forgotten and in the deepest distress; it was only by the charity of some kind individuals that she was enabled to drag on her wretched existence. When still a child, she went with her father, a first-rate artist on the French horn, to Vienna. Schikaneder had been driven by his brother from Freising. Having been engaged as a singer, he made the acquaintance of Mozart, who took the girl under his protection, and educated her as a vocalist. She made her first appearance as the Genius in the *Zauberflöte*, the opera of her celebrated master. As she was successful, her father took her on artistic tours. She gave concerts in Stuttgart, Frankfurt, Munich, Schallhausen, etc. Having returned to Vienna, she lost her father, and had then only one relation, a brother, left, who died in Prague. From this time, she devoted herself entirely to the stage, and, as we know, was the most popular vocalist of her day. Her principal characters were Constance in *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*; the Queen of Night in *Die Zauberflöte*; and Donna Anna and Elvira in *Don Juan*. It was with great delight that she told me of her triumphs, and she is always moved with sincere enthusiasm whenever she speaks of Mozart, who composed several airs to please her. It is sad, but intelligible, that so many a rich artistic existence should end in bitter distress. M.

Regensburg, December, 1858.

### AN ACTOR'S PARADISE.

(From *Punch*.)

ONE occasionally hears of instances of what the irreverent are wicked enough to call presumption and self-conceit on the part of the British Actor. Now and then the theatrical world is excited, and society amused, by a disturbance between a hard-riden manager and a selfish "popular favourite," because the latter has not been offered more than ten times the amount of the united salaries of the rest of the company, because the letters in which his famous name is placarded have been only a yard long, or because the line in which his sacred name is announced has not been far enough away from the lines containing the names of his brother and sister professionals. Sometimes, too, one hears of a "popular favourite" turning sulky, because somebody else has a good part in a piece with him or her, and even refusing a part because the piece is not a monologue. But our English actors are poor and vulgar egotists, compared to those of the French stage. There has recently, says a Paris correspondent of the *Literary Gazette*, been an action brought by the actor Laferrière:—

"Against the Director of the Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin, to obtain damages for violation of agreement, in not having at the beginning of the present winter season, a new piece ready for him (Laferrière) to perform in.

"In this case we had a specimen of the conditions which a popular actor in Paris thinks himself warranted in imposing on his manager. Listen: Laferrière stipulated—

"1. That a new piece should be written expressly for him by M. Barrière, one of the most successful authors of the day.

"2. That (of course) he should play the leading part in that piece.

"3. That the number of nights he should perform should not be fewer than sixty, even if the said piece should be a failure.

"4. That having other engagements from the 1st of September, his sixty performances should take place before that date.

"5. That he should be paid £12 sterling for each performance.

"6. That payment should be made every five days without fail.

"7. That he should have a performance for his benefit.

"8. That he should have two free admissions to the best places in the house every night.

"9. That a relative of his of the name of Godefroy should be admitted free to the house at each of the sixty representations, and also be allowed to go behind the scenes.

"10. That every bill of each night's performances should bear the words, in gigantic letters, 'Performances of M. Laferrière.'

"11. That, besides, his name should again figure on the bill in letters of a large size and peculiar shape.

"12. That, whatever might be the space required for other things on the bill, these two conditions should never be modified.

"13. That no name should ever be placed before his.

"14. That no other name should ever appear on the same line as his.

"15. That no other actor should be engaged extraordinarily in the course of his performances,—not even to add to the *décal* of the piece of which he may be the hero.

"16. That paid paragraphs should be inserted in the newspapers about the piece in which he played.

"17. That his name, and the name of his part, should invariably be mentioned before any other in the said paragraphs.

"18. That he should have the dressing-room which Frederick Lemaitre used to occupy,—that is, the best in the house.

"19. That the said room should be elegantly furnished, and well lighted.

"20. That his benefit should be announced all over Paris by means of posting bills yards long, and in letters inches high.

"21. That he should be properly applauded by the *claque*; and

"22. That in case the manager should fail in any one of these engagements, the sum of £1000 should be paid by him!"

That is a tolerably stringent agreement, and it will make the mouths of some English "popular favourites" water. What a splendid tyranny to establish in a theatre! But it remains to be said, that the unfortunate manager of the Porte St. Martin did manage to fail in some one of these engagements. Which, we are not informed, and should like to know whether he had begged to be let off the sixty nights of a piece that was a failure, or had been seen on the Boulevard speaking to a young actor in M. Laferrière's line, or could not get M. Jules Lecomte, or any agent of that class, to procure the insertion of sufficiently laudatory puffs of the comedian. But he failed, and the action was duly brought, and the court gave the performer the full amount of damages claimed, francs to the amount of One Thousand Pounds!

Actors and malefactors seem to have it all their own way in Paris.

### ADDRESS

DELIVERED BY MISS WOOLGAR ON THE OPENING OF THE NEW ADELPHI THEATRE.

(Written by Mr. SHIRLEY BROOKS.)

"Tis an old custom, which, for custom's sake,  
You will forgive us that we do not break—  
The brief Address, that from the olden times,  
With courteous homage, and with decorous rhymes,  
Has marked an Opening Night. Time quickly flies,  
While Stanfield's magic pencil charm's one's eyes.  
Now Christmas bells speak out with gladdening chime,  
And every thought is fixed on pantomime—  
Here, where I stand, so London legends tell,  
Dwelt old King Rowley's saucy favourite, Nell,  
The least unworthy of the graceless graces,  
Who ruled by virtue—well—by right of faces.  
Recall those days, by facile memory beckoned—  
We live again beneath King Charles the Second.  
What is the picture? See, with sword in hand,  
Three drunken nobles scour along the Strand.



There, in Rose Alley, on the pavement bleeds  
A poet, who denounced a peer's misdeeds.  
Yonder's Whitehall—asylum and resort  
Of coarser rogues than ever formed a court;  
But hark!—misfortune hath new gifts in store,  
The Dutchman's cannon on our river roar;  
And what cares England that those Dutch advance,  
Knowing the Merry Monarch sold to France?  
What was our drama then? One scarce dare name  
That vile addition to a nation's shame,  
Enough to say, the desecrated stage  
Mirror'd too well the baseness of the age.

"One transformation scene. With all its sin,  
Vanish the age of saucy Mistress Gwynn;  
And the next change in our dissolving view  
Presents your own far happier times—and you.  
Al! Queen, God bless her! and bless those, we pray,  
Nearest her heart, at home or far away;  
A Queen, beside whose throne no traitor creeps,  
No courtier fawns, no ruined subject weeps,  
Her father's blazon waves that throne above;  
Its deep foundations are her people's love.  
If aught of despot in her away hath part,  
'Tis in the hold she lays on every heart.  
Proudly her banner glitters in the day,  
When England's cannon sweep her foes away;  
More proudly when its folds, protecting, wave  
O'er the sad exile or the ransomed slave.  
The Actor fearlessly before you stands,  
And asks a generous justice at your hands.  
The stage has shared the change, and boldly claims  
Your warm approval of its ends and aims.  
We preach no moral, but our pictures teach  
Morals that lie, at times, too deep for speech  
While the light lesson of the laughing hour  
May, when the laugh has passed, retain its power.  
These are the twins that owe the Drama birth—  
A noble sorrow, and a harmless mirth.

"We too—the house in which you sit, I mean—  
Have had our private transformation scene;  
The dear, old, pleasant, inconvenient nest,  
Where, for so long, we tried to do our best  
For you, and for the drama—that has fled;  
We humbly offer you this house instead.  
And if the earnest effort he has made  
Please you, our manager is well repaid.  
All bid you welcome to our new abode;  
All ask the kindness in old days you showed,  
And none more earnestly than she who bends  
Before you, welcoming her dear old friends."

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You would greatly oblige me by informing me, the meaning of the word (or abbreviation rather, as it appears to be) *Op.*, which is frequently seen on the title-pages of music; and what are Sonatas and Fugues; and what are the differences between them and ordinary pieces of music. Apologising for engaging so much of your time,

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,  
W. S. O.

[We must really beg our correspondent to purchase a musical catechism, and inform himself on the subject about which he is anxious.—Ed.]

#### TENORS.

SIR,—The great outcry in the musical world (at present, and for some time past) has been for tenors. This class of voice seems to have been evanescent with the most unsatisfactory steadiness for several seasons, with the exception of Giuglini. Several (would-be) tenors have appeared; the most unfit for which office we had the misfortune to hear in *St. Paul*, whose chest voice terminated about F natural, performing the subsequent notes as far as A in an effeminate falsetto. The deterioration which the passage suffered may be easily imagined. We would venture a small stake that Mr. Hullah's chorus would produce a more qualified tenor. The extraordinary and, we may say,

ridiculous manner in which the English public allows itself to listen (time after time) to such very inferior performers, can only be accounted for by their utter incompetency to distinguish between the two; but there must be some who know a good voice from a bad one, and why do they, season after season, content themselves with a grumble, and perhaps a laugh at this inefficiency? Surely a reform of some sort might be effected, which would materially alter this state of things; and now, when in many cases the amateur is close on the heels of the professor, numbers of instances are to be found where both good voices and considerable musical knowledge are to be obtained, if some scheme be adopted whereby the latent capabilities may be brought to light. If Mr. Hullah (as they say) is holding out his arms for solo-singers in his oratorios (tenors more especially), why does he not open a field for competition, whereby the jealous intrigues of those already in the arena would be of no avail, and which would afford an opportunity for those who possessed good voices to come forward, and show that, because we have not as yet produced many good solo singers, we *never* are to? The great secret in this matter is the excessive timidity, which at first frustrates the efforts of so many; and, also, because every one imagines that if an artist has not a vowel at the end of his name, it is impossible he can sing. These absurd notions have existed long enough, and we feel satisfied that if some encouragement were given, by competent judges, to those who are afraid to come forward of their own accord, a spirit of emulation would be produced among young musicians, which would result, at all events, in ascertaining whether we are really so deficient in good voices as is supposed. We know from the first authority, that the *quality* of the English voice when in chorus is unsurpassed; surely *some* of its integral parts must be good. We are well aware that the choruses we generally hear are made up of the most lamentable materials, but, at the same time, some are not only good musicians, but have really good voices. Why does not Mr. Hullah offer a prize for the best rendering of a certain solo from any of the oratorios? We think a proposition of this kind would immediately rouse the energies of many who are at present satisfied with any performance in their own rooms, very frequently superior to those heard at a public concert. Mr. Benedict is to a great extent carrying out this plan with the Vocal Association, the results of which will shortly appear; but we think similar efforts might be made in other quarters with the most satisfactory results.  
A. C.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

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